

## Middle of Love

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## Middle of Love

by [BlindCupid](#)

### Summary

I, Lily Evans, do solemnly swear that I am up to no good.

And wouldn't Sev be proud! Not that I can tell her, since it would ruin the whole scheme. Really, its positively Slytherin of me.

You see, I decided to give Sev a makeover for her sweet-sixteen and took her to Hogsmead to show her off.

Guess who noticed?

James Potter!

I swear, the boy looked like he was going to cry. His whole face just screamed- "Wowza!" And "Boy, have I been a blind idiot!"

Which is fair.

Was I upset that James Potter was suddenly interested in my best friend? Merlin, no. It suited me just fine because, you see, I had set my eyes on Remus Lupin. That boy looks at me like a big bad wolf who could eat me up. Like, yes please.

But the makeover wasn't the scheme I mentioned earlier! No, that was just the beginning. You'll have to keep reading if you want to know what I planned for my friend next. I'll give you a hint...

No, never mind, you'll just have to read it.

# Chapter 1

Okay, just to recap...

I'm Lily Evans, up-to-no-good.

For Sev's sixteenth birthday I gave her a makeover: I dragged her to Madame Pomfrey- got her teeth fixed, got her some hair products that give her a bit of volume and fixed the split ends, fitted her with an outfit that shows off her slim little figure, then I held her down and put a bit of makeup on her- not much just enough to bring out her natural features.

Then, I took her to Hogsmead to show her off.

"Lily, you could've gotten me some quills and I would've been perfectly happy." Sev grumbled.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, I couldn't hear you, but I'll just assume you were thanking me for making you gorgeous."

Sev groaned and I know I shouldn't take so much pleasure in her suffering, but I really did a great job on her makeover and she looked fabulous. Sev was still grumbling and acting self-conscious. Which I don't understand. She should be feeling more confident than ever!

Everyone was admiring her. Heads were turning and boys and girls alike were dropping their jaws. I practically preened when I heard someone say,

"Is that Snape?"

Yes it is. Eat your hearts out. May I introduce the new and improved, Severina Snape? My best friend, who you all overlooked and teased for the last five years? Yeah, that's right. I knew she was gorgeous before any of you and now you all can suffer as she breaks all your hearts.

Damn, I'm good.

Speaking of hearts to break... Those self-proclaimed "Marauders" hadn't seen Sev yet.

"Lily? What are you doing?"

"Just trust me Sev. Have I ever lead you wrong?"

"Hmm... I don't know, maybe the time you gave me a makeover and made me the laughing stock of Hogsmead for a day?"

"Oh, hush, and try to smile."

Sev sneered.

"Close enough." I sigh.

We found the boys in the Three Broomsticks, standing around drinking butterbeers and laughing at some story Black was telling adamantly and sloshing his drink everywhere. Potter saw me approach and shot me a smarmy smile,

"Oi Evans, I knew you couldn't stay away..." Potter's smile fell, along with his jaw. His eyes had given Sev a cursory glance and then got stuck.

Woah, is he tearing up? Uh... okay, wow. He has not stopped looking. Well, isn't this an interesting development? Five years of telling Potter to piss off and all it took was dolling Sev up a bit.

Honestly? It explains a lot.

Sev does look beautiful today. But, really I didn't do all that much...

"Woah... Snape? Is that you? Merlin's beard woman, can I buy you a butterbeer?" Sirius asked Sev with one of his famous- 'well hello, ladies, I'm Sirius Black, the man of your dreams'- smiles.

"Severina... you look, uh, lovely.' Remus said, his adam's apple bobbing a little.

Thank you!

Huh, looking at these boys looking at Sev, it seems like Sev has her pick of the Marauders. Even Pettigrew is gobsmacked, but his mouth is too full of... something gross, to make any sort of comment.

James has still not said a word and it's quickly becoming awkward.

I look over at Sev and... okay, now that's interesting! She's blushing like mad and... she's smiling! Oh, Circe! She's smiling shyly up at Potter and they are completely lost in each other's eyes.

I feel eyes on me and when I look up, Remus is watching me. Has he noticed James's change of interest and is watching my reaction?

How sweet is he! My dear Remus, you are going to be my boyfriend. I've just decided and no, you have little choice in the matter. Aww, he's all concerned about my heart, and he isn't even my boyfriend yet.

Remus is absolutely perfect boyfriend material: soulful grey-blue eyes, thoughtful and sweet, smart and studious, sexy scars. I bet he'd be very passionate in the right situations if you know what I mean.

Prefect duties are going to be so much more interesting...

Oh, shoot, I'm staring. Quick, say something to break the tension,

"It's Sev's birthday!" I say quickly, "I gave her a make-over and now you can see what I've been telling you all this time- she's beautiful!"

Sev's whole head snapped towards me so fast that I honestly hope it didn't hurt.

"Lily!"

"What? It is! And you are!" Why was Sev looking at me like I just drowned her puppy? She doesn't even like dogs...

Sev turned without another word and practically flounced out of the Three Broomsticks. I would have followed her right away, but...

"Damn, who knew Snape could clean up to be such a fox. Umphf... Oi! What the hell, Prongs?"

I look over and Potter had just smacked Sirius in the stomach.

"Come on Padfoot, it's Snape." Potter said.

What was that supposed to mean?

Potter looks at me, his smile returning in full force, “So, Evans, can I get you a butterbeer?”

Is this guy serious? I look to Remus for support and as soon as my eyes meet his, he turns away looking dejected.

Ugh! Boys suck!

“James Potter, you are...” come on Lily you can think of something better than ‘toe rag’ ... ‘you are the worst arrogant toe rag ever!’”

Damn it.

Quick flounce like Sev.

I tried but I’m not sure it had quite the same effect.

## Chapter 2

Okay, so Potter and Sev are in denial of their feelings for each other. Which is... not surprising, but really the sexual tension is so obvious! I could kick myself for not seeing it before.

Sev can deny it all she wants but I know she liked the way Potter looked at her. For one, her personal hygiene has greatly improved. Her teeth are perfect, her hair is perfect and I swear she's wearing mascara regularly. Just a touch, but it really gives her a doe-eyed look with those dark-brown eyes of hers.

And Potter hasn't stopped staring. I can tell that he catches himself sometimes but I once watched him stare at Sev across the Great Hall, during breakfast, for ten minutes straight.

Actually, I can't tell if its cute or creepy. Strange how thin that line can be, you know?

Sirius seems to have moved on already. He's all over Marlene again, now. I swear that boy has the attention span of a small puppy.

Remus is mine and that's final. He's currently listening to me blather on about something, that I have completely forgotten about because he's staring at my mouth like it's covered in chocolate.

"And, uh... yeah." I say stupidly because he just licked his lips and oh Merlin, I felt that.

Remus notices my stall and blinks up at me, "You were saying? Why shouldn't Alice believe that Frank likes her? It's pretty obvious. I'm sure Alice is just hoping to hear if from Frank himself. But, I don't know Alice as well as you do, what do you think?"

He was listening! Like actually listening and... oh his eyes are so pretty. Okay, Lily, snap out of it. Wait what did he say?

"You think she already knows Frank likes her but is just waiting for Frank to work up the nerve to ask her to be his girlfriend himself?"

"Well, maybe it isn't enough to believe someone likes you if they never act on it. I think that she knows he likes her, but is uncertain of his willingness to commit to his feelings for her? I'm sorry, I'm probably not making any sense."

Aww, he's so smart and he really is such a deep and soulful guy. I'm so lucky that he's my future boyfriend. Wait...

"What if she asked him? I mean, if she likes him and she knows he likes her, do you think Frank would be put off if she asked him to be her boyfriend? Would he feel like she was forcing him to commit before he was ready?"

"I think if Frank felt that way, if he were put off by her making the first move, I would doubt the sincerity of his feelings for her."

"Oh..." I say automatically because I suddenly feel uncertain, "Then we're back at the beginning again. Both liking each other and wanting to commit but being too uncertain of the other's feelings to actually make any sort of move."

Love is hard.

And I'm staring again.

He looks so tired and a bit sad right now. I wish I knew why. He's always sick. Poor thing. He just needs someone to take care of him.

I could take care of him. I'm good at that. Just ask Sev. I'm wonderfully nurturing. Okay, don't ask Sev, she'll just roll her eyes and say something sarcastic.

Remus is looking at me with big puppy dog eyes. I really wish I could just kiss him. His lips definitely look kissable...

"Hey, Evans!"

Ugh! Potter is the worst! My eyes roll so hard I swear, I almost give myself a headache.

"What do you want Potter?"

"Just checking on my future wife. How are you this fine day?"

"I was better before you arrived."

"And now you're over the moon, I know." Potter winks at Remus and Remus smiles weakly.

I feel like I've missed something.

"If all you've got are lame jokes, I'll just be going now. I'm sure I can think of something better I could be doing with my time, like... well anything else."

Damn it. Why can't I come up with clever stuff, like Sev does? She'd have said something to cut Potter down to size.

"Actually, Evans, I do have an offer that is definitely worth your time. Seeing as it involves you and me and sunbathing on a beach. My parents said I could use our beach house for Easter break. I was wondering if you'd like to join our spring break beach party. Sirius has asked Marlene..."

"Your parents are okay with you having girls over?"

James scratches the back of his neck and his face turns a bit pink.

"Well they don't need to know that part. But I promise we will be perfect gentleman, won't we Moony?"

I look at Remus and his eyes look so kind and hopeful and maybe just a little cheeky, "I'll do my best to keep them in line, Miss Evans."

Hmmm... spring break at the beach does sound brilliant and Potter's providing room and board...

"Who all is coming?"

"Sirius, Remus, Yours truly- of course, Peter can't come because family stuff, Marlene said she'll come if you do. So five of us."

I can feel my lips turn up in a smirk that would make Sev proud. I hope the smirk is enough because she's going to kill me for what I'm about to do.

"Under one condition."

“Name it.” James says and oh, it’s so perfect- the plan that is forming in my head.

“You have to extend your invitation to Sev as well. I’ll only go if she does.”

Remus looks at me like I just lost my mind. Don’t worry sweetheart, everyone is going to live happily ever after. Just watch.

If James Potter didn’t like Severina Snape, then it stands to reason he would look like he just swallowed something sour. His face didn’t look like it had soured, however, it looked like I just told him he could have a cookie before dinner, but he was afraid I’d smack his hand with the cookie jar lid if he actually tried to take a cookie.

Tuny did that to me once.

My sister is not actually a very nice person.

Remus and I waited for James to respond. It was a heavy moment but really, it didn’t matter what he said. I could tell he had already made up his mind.

“You drive a hard bargain, Evans. I can admire that in a woman.’ He winked at me. ‘You’ve got yourself a deal.”

Yay! Now to get Sev to agree.

## Chapter 3

“No, absolutely not! Over my dead body! I will not be cooped up with Potter,” Sev spat his name like a dark curse (Sev happens to like dark curses, so that’s something, right?), ‘Lily, do you hear me? Tell Potter to shove his offer up his arse.”

I hold up a yellow polka dot bikini (and now I’ve got that song in my head).

“Hmm, no... You’re so pale you could probably crash a Deathday party. I think we need something darker- contrasty, you know?”

“Lily...” I look up at that because Sev almost sounds broken, ‘I’m just going to be in the way. They don’t really want me there and I’m not going to open myself up to their ridicule by wearing skimpy swimwear and trying to act like I fit in.”

“I want you there, Sev. Potter wants you there,” Sev rolls her eyes and scoffs, ‘I know you don’t believe me and he’s in denial, but he really does like you.”

“If he likes me Lily, then why is he always flirting with you?”

Honestly, I have no idea... because he’s a toe rag?

“I don’t think he’s being serious when he flirts with me. It’s more like he’s just trying to be funny. I mean, if he really liked me, wouldn’t he try to actually get to know me? Not just use corny pickup lines all the time? I mean, if he really liked me, wouldn’t he try harder to be friends with you?”

“You mean like inviting me to along on spring break?”

Oh.

“Uh...”

Sev sighed, “Look, I’ll agree to go, under one condition.”

Eek, Sev conditions are iron-clad.

“...I’m listening.”

“You drop this thing about fixing me up with Potter.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Yes you do. I’ve known you too long and I can see right through your bullshit, Lil’s. That’s how you know I love you though, right?”

“Because you’ll always call me out on my bullshit?”

“Damn right.” Sev smiled and her smile was gorgeous.

Hmm... if things don’t work out with James and Remus, for Sev and myself, I wonder if Sev would agree to be my wife.

“Lily, I’m not wearing that!”

It was a stringy black bikini.

“Why not? I thought you liked black.”

“Wait you thought I liked Black? I thought you thought I liked Potter.”

The snort out of my nose was completely involuntary. Soon we were both laughing. Even if the matchmaking doesn't work out (which it will), at least I'll have a good time with Sev.

In the end, we bought Sev a black one-piece that was very tasteful and a red bikini (that Sev doesn't know is for her and that I might 'accidentally' forget to pack the black one). All on Potter's generous dime, of course. He won't mind at all though, once he sees her in it.

He'll be thanking me soon and so will Sev.

## Chapter 4

### Sev's POV

Memo to self: never trust Lily Evans!

She will rue this day, most bitterly...

How did I let her talk me into this? This is humiliating! Potter is gawking at me like I'm some sort of zoo animal at feeding time.

You know what? It doesn't matter. Who cares what James Potter thinks? Not me. Nope. I don't care what he thinks about me in this red bikini that was supposed to be a sensible black one-piece. Lily better sleep with one eye open...

Oh Merlin, Black just wolf-whistled at me. If I had my wand with me, I'd hex his bollocks off. Unfortunately, there is nowhere to put a wand in this damn thing.

"So, who's up for some volleyball?" Marlene asks and I'm sure she's a bit pissed off about Black's wolf-whistle. Marlene grabs Black's hand and drags him to the volleyball net.

"Oh! Come on Remus! We can be the prefect team." Lily links her arm with Lupin's and is practically skipping as she pulls him along.

Potter clears his throat, "I guess, that just leaves us."

Lily! You conniving little bitch! We had a deal and you've stabbed me in the back.

"Obviously..." I reply, sounding bored- like I would rather be anywhere but here and with anyone but him.

"Right, well... have you played volleyball before?"

Uh... is it just me, or did that sound like a sincere question and not just him pointing out my ignorance of the game? Surely not, surely it was the latter.

"No... I can't say that I have."

"Okay," Potter takes a step towards me like I might at any moment lash out and strike him if he approaches me too fast. That may be fair, but that doesn't mean I can't be indignant that he should think so. As he gets within arm's reach I feel my eyes go wide because what the hell does he think he's doing?

"Umm, well you'll have to use your arms..." He says as he reaches out carefully and pulls my wrists away from where they had been wrapped tightly around my midriff. I surprise myself by letting him and he holds my arms away from my body.

Potter's acting weird. It's like he's frozen. Except that he keeps swallowing and his eyes keep moving across the stupid red bikini. Yes, Potter, I know red is a Gryffindor color and I am a Slytherin and therefore, am only ever allowed to wear clothes that coordinate with my Hogwarts house for the rest of my life.

"Potter, how am I to use my arms to play this game if you won't let them go?"

“Right...” He said, but he didn’t let go.

I sigh, losing my patience, “Potter, if you have two brain cells to rub together, could you activate them soon?”

I expected him to get angry, as usual when his brain can’t work fast enough for a retort, but to my great surprise, he laughs. He’s smiling at me and looking me in the eye. I can feel my face warming and I’m sure it’s just the sun’s heat getting to me. His hands are still on me but they’re moving, dragging down to my palms.

“The first move you should learn in volleyball, is a pass- also called a bump.’ He brings my hands together, ‘you keep your arms out in front of you and fold one hand over the other, but don’t lace your fingers together,’ he folds the fingers on one of my hands into a gentle fist and folds the fingers of my other hand to cradle that one. ‘and don’t cross your thumbs.” And I swear his thumb is caressing mine.

He moves behind me to help me with my stance and show me how to squat. This is really quite the insult to my intelligence because of course, I know how to fucking squat, Potter. Get the fuck away from me! and I really would have said so, except his bare chest is against my back and...

How can the beach feel this hot when I’m barley wearing a damn thing?

Potter proceeds to go over the appropriate moves I should follow if I want to succeed in this forsaken game. Which, by the way, I most certainly do not care one whit...

“Potter, how did you miss that!? It smacked you square in the head!” I yell at him because really, it was right there! and this time the point loss was not my fault.

Marlene is laughing and gloating.

“Maybe, you need to look up and stop staring at Snape’s ass, Mate.” Sirius taunts.

“Why? What’s on my ass?” I ask turning round to look and see the heart-shaped sand mark from having fallen on my ass avoiding the damn bludger that is parading itself as a volleyball. I huff in frustration and start brushing the sand off.

“James, soon.” Sirius laughs.

What? Because he’s upset that I haven’t completed one competent bump or set or whatever the fuck I’m supposed to be doing to win a point against the overly competitive assholes named Marlene and Sirius? Well, James Potter can go fuck...

Oh shit! The ball is coming right at my face! I quickly put up my hands in a Circe-forsaken ‘set’ position and the ball springs forth from my fingers and up into the air. Potter rushes up, leaps into the air and ‘spikes’ it right into the sand in front of those smug assholes!

I barely have time to gloat because James picks me up and spins me around while letting out a ridiculous Gryffindor ‘whoot’ of victory. When he sets me down, he doesn’t release my waist right away.

“What are you so damn exuberant about Potter? We are still losing. One point does not win a game.”

Potter just laughs, “Yeah, but it was a point that we won, together.’

Oh... That was actually kind of...

“and it proves what a great teacher I am.” He says with an arrogant wink.

aaand... there it is.

## Chapter 5

### Chapter Notes

I have heard requests for jealous James and a bit of swimming... here you go ;)

#### Lily POV

Aww my future boyfriend is not as athletically inclined as his friends, but I must say, he looks athletic enough without a shirt. I mean, all three guys are pretty fit, but while James and Sirius are relatively hairless on their chests, my man's got a nice growth. I'm surprised how much of a turn on that is.

Volleyball is fun. I'm actually getting the hang of it! And James and Sev definitely had a moment there earlier... winky-winky, am I right?

Of course, I'm right, they're in love! It's obvious to anyone who knows that Sev's looks of disgust, boredom, annoyance, and downright loathing ACTUALLY means that she likes you.

She's a complicated woman, but that's all part of her charm. I've told them all for years and they all thought I was crazy. Well whose crazy now, bitches? Whose crazy now?!

James Potter! Because he's crazy in love. I will not be convinced otherwise.

Oh! It's our turn again. I serve it over and Sev passes it (and oh Merlin! I'm so stinking proud of her!) to James who sets it over the net to us. I get ready to receive and pass it to Remus but oh my! Remus just spiked it right into the sand out of James's reach!

Wow...

I mean wow! I take everything I thought about Remus being not athletic back. He just spiked that ball like it was Yule Ball punch.

Oh! That one was pretty good, right? I should say it out loud,

"Wow, Remus, you spiked that ball like it was Yule Ball punch!"

...

... Damn it...

If there are crickets on this beach, they are all playing their tiny violin legs for me right now. Hey, at least I tried, so no one should judge me...

All of a sudden, Sev bursts out in uncontrollable ugly snorting laughter.

See! Sev thinks I'm funny!

That's why she's my best friend and I love her more than the whole world. She just gets me, you know? I'm so glad she came.

Everyone else starts laughing too, but I can't tell if it's because of my joke or because of Severina's laugh. Sev looks up at me shaking her head and between her laughter, she says,

"Lily... that was... so bad! That was horrible... the worse..."

I beam at her and start laughing too. Because really, *I* happen to be one of the people in Sev's life who understands that when she says things like that, what she's really saying is: 'Lily, you are so funny and awesome and I love you and am so very happy that we are best friends.'

I mean... you've got to read between the lines, but basically, Sev is love and sunshine personified.

Okay, I can't even lie to myself that much and I'm laughing harder.

Remus, turns to me, I'm sure to tell me how wonderfully funny and attractive he finds me...

"Heads up!" Someone yells and right in the middle of our volleyball game, a couple of rugby players come crashing in like... like... something that crashes into something else...

Damn it!

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James POV

Oh yeah, Snape is absolutely head-over-heels in love with me. Of course, she is, why wouldn't she be? I'm handsome and funny and smart and rich... and who am I kidding...

It's been over five years and... Well, Lily said that when Sev is mean to you, that it really means that she likes you... If that is true, then she is absolutely in love with me, because most of the time she acts like she hates my guts.

Sirius told me, in our first-year, that Slytherin women (and of course he should know since his whole family is Slytherin), are attracted to rich pureblood wizards who act like cocky assholes and brag about their wealth all the time. Well, I've been doing that for the last five years! and I don't think it's working.

Remus seems to be making some progress with Lily, so maybe he doesn't need me to be the 'toe-rag' anymore to make him look better. Because, here's the thing, Gryffindors love chivalry. The girls eat it up and we guys love being the knight in shining armor. While Sirius may know the way to a Slytherin girl's heart, I know how Gryffindors work.

Severina is a Slytherin... but maybe she's not like other Slytherin girls. Sev is different... She definitely has Slytherin qualities but she's also as smart as a Ravenclaw, loyal as a Hufflepuff, and as brave as a Gryffindor (I should know because she's walloped all our asses at the same time when we cornered her in the hall and started a duel. Sev needed the challenge, you see... she's the best duelist in the school and she was bored, I just wanted to show her that I could be that challenge she needed. I wasn't though... she's too good for me.) \*Internal sigh of despair\*

Ooops, I missed that ball that Moony spiked. It was a pretty good spike, he's really improving. I'm so very proud of him.

Lily says some cheesy joke. Honestly, it's endearing because she's trying to impress Moony with her humor. But boy... Sev's wit has not rubbed off on her friend.

Sev is so gorgeous when she laughs. She should laugh all the time. I know she just got her teeth

fixed and it really does improve her smile, but that's not what is so beautiful about Sev's laugh- it's her eyes. She has the most beautiful eyes in the whole world.

I can't help laughing with her- her laugh is contagious and I hope I'll never be immune.

"Heads up!"

Oh shit... Are those guys okay? That fall looked like it must've hurt...

The guys get up and it seems like they are fine, just a bit covered in sand. That's a relief. One of them looks up at Severina, to apologize,

"Sorry about that... Sev?"

Wait, what?

"Hello, David, I see you are as competent at running in a straight line as you are at meeting your quota at the Mill."

Oh shit, Sev likes him!

This newcomer, 'David,' just laughs and picks Severina up in a big bear hug,

"Damn Snape, you look hot in this swimsuit."

Well, it is rather hot and sunny today... but I watched Severina put on sunscreen so she's at least protected for another half-hour and I'll make sure she reapplies...

You know I'm feeling a little uncomfortable, I really wish this 'David' would remove himself from Severina's person at some point in the very near future. If he's flirting with Sev, it's not like I can slap him in the stomach like I did Sirius and gently remind him, you know, 'Come on Padfoot, it's Snape,' or in other words, 'Let us remember that I have liked this young lady since our first year, so kindly back off.' Which of course he did, because Sirius is a mate.

But this person still has his hands about Sev's waist...

"How old you are you now, Snape?"

"Sixteen."

Wait how old is this guy? If he's much older, then his attentions to Severina are most certainly inappropriate and if she needs me to defend her honor against this... this...

"Hmm... one more year... you'll come find me, yeah?"

This fucking piece of shit!

Okay, that's it! Get away from my lady!

I step next to Sev and pull her out of this uncouth man's grasp. I'm not completely without manners of course, but perhaps it would be more appropriate if Sev introduces me,

"Sev, aren't you going to introduce your... friend?"

Okay, that could have come out a bit nicer but I'm really quite miffed by this 'David's' leering at Severina the way he is. Perhaps I was guilty of... admiring Severina's form earlier, but I fully

intend to woo and marry my lady one day. My intentions are completely honorable. This 'gentleman' (and I use the term loosely), is being quite uncouth.

"This prissy boy, your boyfriend, Sev?"

Prissy boy?

"No, definitely not."

No, I'm her future husband, thank you very much.

"No. Didn't think he'd be your type. Doesn't look like he's put in an honest day's work in his life."

Now, see here! I have no objection to getting a job, but my parents are coming along in age and they quite depend on me. I know what I said to Lily about this beach trip, but really my parents insisted. They don't want me wasting away my youth caring for them. I can't help but worry about them when I'm away, but I've hired another house-elf and arranged for a family member to check up on them...

"Are you lot playing rugby?" Padfoot comes over excitedly. Sirius does love all things muggle.

"Err... yeah."

"You got room for three more?" Sirius asks and not for the first time do I wonder if his animagus form should have been a small puppy and not a giant Grim.

David laughs and looks like he's sizing us up.

"Sure but if you break your necks, it's on you."

"Wicked! Come on Moony! Prongs you coming, mate?"

"Yeah, course." Besides, I'd certainly like a chance to teach this David a lesson. Even though that would require me to leave my lady and she fits so sweetly into my side. She's looking up at me with that adorable scowl of hers.

"Potter, do you even know anything about Rugby?"

"Moony told us about it once. It's like quidditch with only one quaffle and instead of bludgers, players throw their bodies at each other."

She shrugs and says, "Well, if you get yourself killed, one less thing off my to-do list."

Aww, she's so sweet! She's worried about my safety. Really, I'm just so touched by her genuine concern I can't help but caress a comforting circle across her back- letting my hand speak the words that my lips dare not.

Before I leave her, I give her a sure smile, a confident wink and flip my hair handsomely.

She rolls her eyes and scoffs and I am ever more confident that she is indeed falling helplessly in love with me...

Right?

Oomphf... Rugby hurts.

Much like a metaphor for love.

Not for the first time do I find myself flat on my back without wind in my lungs and Severina is laughing at my pain. Have I mentioned how gorgeous she is when she laughs? She's practically doubling over with laughter.

Okay that's it...

She's not laughing now...

"Potter? Potter... what do you think you're doing? Uhmph... Potter you asshole, you put me down!"

I've thrown her over my shoulder and am going to toss her right into the water over there. Besides, it'll be a good excuse to dry her off and reapply sunscreen. I have to protect that perfect porcelain skin, now don't I?

"Potter! Don't throw me in the water! I can't swim, you fucking prick, so don't...Aaah!"

Not to fear, my lady, I will surely not let you drown. I dive in head first, finding her slim waist with my arms and lift her safely out of the water. Her arms cling to me so sweetly. Her hair is completely in her face and she's coughing a little and cursing me. Her dirty little mouth is so sexy.

I fling my hair back out of my face so that I can see her better and carefully, pull her wet strands away from her face. The sunlight glistens off of her and I can't help but admire her beauty and how her body is pressed against mine, her arms wrapped securely around my shoulders.

She's so incredibly beautiful.

Something shifts in her expression when she sees mine and her mouth falls open a little.

Maybe it's time to change tactics. Maybe it's finally time to be myself. Besides, it's becoming too hard not to be.

## Chapter 6

### Sev POV

I'm convinced Potter has brain damage.

I don't recall any blunt force trauma during the rugby match- a game, I am certain, is proof men evolved from apes. Women must have, therefore, been created by a superior effeminate divinity who took pity on the ape-man. Though how mating between the two became commonplace, no sound logic could possibly explain such a blasphemous occurrence to me, I'm sure.

Ever since the rugby match and subsequent near-drowning by one said ape-man (or adolescent rather). Potter seems to have had some sort of personality enema. Perhaps, I should be more concerned...

He is practically mollycoddling me. It would be more annoying and rather smothering, honestly, if he weren't proving himself to be quite capable of anticipating my needs. Like how I was just about to fetch my towel and sunscreen and found myself already being wrapped in Potter's towel.

He then laid out a blanket and produced sunscreen and a bottle of water. "You should stay hydrated." He said and handed me the water. Too shocked to do much else, I took the bottle and examined him. The towel slipped from my shoulder and Potter snatched it up with a,

"Oops, I'll get that for you."

Then he proceeded to take the corner of the towel and gently wipe the moisture from my face.

Yep... brain damage.

"Potter, do you know who I am?"

His eyes crinkled and he laughed a little, "Of course I do."

"Then what's my name?" I ask him slowly, because if he has brain damage then even his usually slow brain will be working at a slower than average pace.

"Severina Snape? Actually, I..., ' he pulled at the back of his neck, 'I was wondering if I might call you, Sev? I really like it. I think it's...' he mumbled toward his feet, 'cute.'"

Okay, Potter just referred to my stupid nickname that Lily uses and the word cute in the same sentence. Is this a joke? A prank?

"Uh... sure, Potter..." I still haven't decided how extensive the brain damage is, yet.

Potter guides me to sit on the blanket and his smile is practically beaming. I mean, it's not like I gave him a new broom or anything. He puts some sunscreen in his palm and gathers some on his fingers. Then, he raises his fingers to my face. Of course, I shrink back, because this is my personal space, Potter, get your own.

"Potter?" I asked carefully.

"James. I'd really like it if you called me James."

"Okay... James? How many fingers am I holding up?"

I hold up one finger and James looks at me unimpressed.

“You’re flipping me the bird.”

“Well at least you can see.”

“Okay... drink that water, please. I don’t want you to get heatstroke. I’ll let you put lotion on your own face if you like; I’ll get your shoulders and back.”

Uh... I drink the water. Not because of Potter... James told me to, but because I was just thirsty, okay? My mother doesn’t even fuss over me this much. Whatever. I was going to reapply anyway.

His hands feel good. Like really good. He doesn’t just apply the sunscreen but sort of massages my back and shoulders. No one has ever... not ever touched me like this and I definitely... definitely don’t like it. Not one bit, certainly not enough to moan.

Potter leaned over my shoulder and said into my ear, “My turn.”

I must have heatstroke. Yep. Potter is brain damaged and I have heatstroke. But damn, Potter is fit. I mean I have eyes... and hands and damn... Potter is fit.

“Oi Sev! You done rubbing off Potter? We are all going to get some 99 flake ice creams on the boardwalk.” Marlene called out.

Ugh... people suck.

### **James POV**

Oh Merlin! Sev touched my back! She actually, willingly touched me!

We joined the group to go get ice cream and I’ve handed her my shirt to wear on the boardwalk. She is actually wearing my shirt and I’m pretty sure my heart exploded. Like fireworks in my chest.

It’s like, I don’t even care what happens for the rest of the day.

Okay... maybe just... if I hold her hand?

Oh, Merlin! Oh, Merlin! Oh, Merlin!

She’s holding my hand! Or letting me hold her hand? Whatever, I don’t even care because this is the best day of my life. Should I propose marriage now or would that be pushing it?

She lets me purchase her ice cream and I nearly swoon when she shyly takes it from my hand with a soft,

“Thank you... James.”

Oh, all that is light and good, she said my first name and I know that I’ll never hear anything so pure and perfect in this messed up world, ever again. She is beauty and grace and she has a bit of ice cream on that cute hook on the end of her nose.

“What are you gawking at?” She asked in that angelic voice of hers.

Only you, my angel of dark allure, my eternal ethereal love, my dark siren, my...

“Uh... you just have a bit of ice cream... here.” And I wipe it off her nose ever-so-gently with my finger. Almost like bopping her on her nose.

She would probably hex my finger off if I bopped her on the nose.

I may be in love with her but I know she's dangerous... and for some reason, I'm really into that. Like it's super sexy that she's more powerful than I am. I mean I'm a powerful wizard in my own right but mostly the Marauders and I are a team and our strength is in our numbers. Sev could have me on my back in a heartbeat.

Merlin, I'd love Sev to have me on my back...

I can't believe she said I could call her Sev! I've been dreaming of this moment...

Oh bloody fucking hell...

Sev's looking at me like I've lost my mind. Which I have because her tongue is running up her ice cream and I watch the cream hanging on her tongue before she pulls it into her mouth.

Fuck. I have a boner. This is mortifying. Okay, James, think about... Dumbledore in garters, Hagrid in a tutu, McGonagall in just normal teacher attire because I can't even imagine her any other way except for as a disapproving cat.

Phew all better.

My angel's voice speaks to me, "James are you... okay? You just shivered. Do you want your shirt back? I can take it off."

aaand... it's back.

## Chapter 7

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

#### Lily POV

Now for phase two of operation: make Potter and Sev fall in love!

Actually... I don't have phases or an operation. To be honest, I have no plan at all. All I really want is it to snog Remus Lupin.

So! We are playing kissing games tonight! Yay!

I'm thinking.... seven minutes in Heaven, I'm thinking... spin the bottle... suck and blow...

"Let's play truth or dare!" Marlene shouts and there are shrugs and assent among the group.

Damn you Marlene!

Okay... I can just dare Sev to kiss Potter. This can still work.

But who will dare me to kiss Remus?

"Lily, you're pouting. Like actually pouting with your bottom lip stuck out and your arms crossed and you have an ugly crease between your eyebrows." Sev says.

"I'm not pouting."

"Well you're still pouting, you're just not crossing your arms and your sucking in your lip but now you kinda just look like you're in pain."

Oh! I have an idea! I grab Sev and pull her to the side.

"Okay, Sev you have to dare me to kiss Remus or Remus to kiss me, okay?"

"What? Lils, if you want to kiss Lupin then kiss him."

But that's... so straightforward and no-nonsense. Where's the romance? Where's the suspense and sexual tension and mutual pining? I can't just go kiss Remus because I want to. That's just ridiculous.

Sev groans and pulls me into the group.

"Okay, I'll go..." Marlene starts but Sev cuts in,

"Lily's first. Truth or dare?" She asks me, her head cocked to the side and a challenging smirk in her lips.

I cross my arms and glare at her. Okay fine, I'm game. This is what I asked for.

"Dare."

"I dare you, to kiss the person in this room who you most want to kiss."

Sev's looking at me like the smug little traitor that she is, so I grab Sev's face with both my hands and kiss her. I kiss her good, lips moving and nipping and just a hint of tongue.

---

Sev POV

Lily you vindictive little bitch. You asked for it...

I grab the back of her head and angle her mouth so I can shove my tongue down her throat. Lily lets out a surprised squeal and before I pull away, I take her bottom lip in between my teeth and bite down so that it pulls away with me until I release her with a smug ass look on my face.

---

Marlene's POV

Woah... okay. That just happened.

I was just going to help a girl out and dare Remus to kiss her. Maybe I picked up the wrong end of the stick?

Hope Remus is okay right now.

---

Remus's POV

Okay, Remus, take deep breaths and think about something else. Just something other than how fucking hot Lily and Snape's kiss was and how turned on I am right now.

Maybe think about... Filch in drag, Slughorn in a swimsuit, McGonagall in just normal teacher attire because I can't even imagine her any other way except a disapproving cat.

Okay...all better.

---

Sirius's POV

That is the hottest thing I've ever seen and I've seen dirty magazines before. I wonder how Prongs is doing with Lily kissing on his witch.

---

James POV

aaanndd... its back.

---

Lily POV

Remus? Remus who? Fuck that was hot!

"Alright Lily, your turn to truth or dare someone and it can't be Snape." Marlene says.

What? Oh right, playing a game. Should've known better than to try to one-up Sev. She got me good. I am honestly questioning my sexuality at the moment.

I look at Remus and his pupils are so wide that his eyes look like black holes. I smirk...well he didn't seem to mind and I definitely still want to kiss him too.

Okay, who to truth or dare now...

Should I go for the kill or play around for a bit?

Let's play!

"Black, truth or dare?"

"Dare."

"I dare you too..." okay Lily, moment of truth, Sirius will do whatever you dare him with gusto so don't make it lame, "see how many marshmallows you can fit in your mouth."

"Ah man, those were for S'more's later." James grumbles.

Sirius hops up and rushes to get the bag of marshmallows saying, "I've always wanted to see if I could break Pete's record."

Whatever that meant.

"No magic!" I call out.

"Marshmallows? Really, Lily?" Sev asks.

"Yeah, why? What would you have done?"

"To Black? Make him shave his head and then glue it to his face like a beard."

I laugh, because *what?*

Honestly, Sirius would probably cry. He loves his hair.

Sev kept going, "Make him give himself an enema."

Yikes... okay, that's...

"Have him choose either Lupin or Potter to circumcised him."

Fuck that's... "That's fucked up. You wouldn't really... right?"

Sev shrugged.

"It's Black he'd do anything on a dare. I bet I could get him to confess to a serious crime he didn't commit and sit in Azkaban for twelve years, all the while yelling at the top of his lungs that he's innocent of the crime he confessed to and no one would believe him. They'd probably put him in solitary confinement. Then I'd break him out and he'd have to live on the run and whether or not we could prove his innocence, he might have to live the rest of his life in hiding."

"Why twelve years?" I ask because how else would I respond to that?

Sev shakes her head, "Just an arbitrary number but it felt right."

“30...31...32...33...” Potter counted as Sirius shoved marshmallows into his cheeks.

“What’s Pettigrew’s record?” Marlene asked.

“44 without magic.” Remus answered.

“And with magic?” I ask.

“We ran out of marshmallows. 2 bags, 126.” Remus answered, his eyes fixed on Sirius.

“42... 43... 44...”

Blacks eyes were tearing up but his expression was one of determination.

Potter’s voice got louder and Remus and Marlene started cheering encouragements.

“12 years, huh?” I ask Sev.

“He’d forfeit his sanity first but he’d wait. Maybe I’d tell him 10 but leave him there for another two and see if he even noticed.”

“You’re pure evil.” I tell her and a self-satisfied smirk spreads over her lips.

“He wouldn’t have to do it.” Sev says.

“But he would.”

“45...46...47...48...49.....oh fucking merlin’s hairy ball sack! 50!!!!”

Sirius stands and spits marshmallows all over everyone with a huge caveman howl of victory. James, Remus, and Marlene jump up with him and hug him. Sev and I politely clap for him. Sev because she plays it cool like that and I because I’m a little horrified by how many marshmallows went in and then out of Black’s mouth.

## Chapter End Notes

I don't even know what this fic is about anymore.

## Chapter 8

James POV

Oh my lady love, will you ever truly know how full my heart is with hopes of you? You sit there somberly and ever watchful of those around you. There is a distance about you that I can not reach.

Do you know it, my love? How high above us all, you are? Above in beauty and strength, power and wit...

If only you knew how I worship you, my goddess! I would be your slave only to be admitted in your presence forever.

You scowl...

Are you displeased by the mere mortals who surround you?

You sigh and roll your eyes...

What displeases you, my love, my life?

Shall I kneel at your feet and beg for a morsel of your smile?

To where did your laughter flee?

Let me fetch it, and I shall bring it back to you and lift it to your soft pale-lips.

“Okay James! Truth or dare?” Padfoot asks me.

Oh, shall I say truth and hope he gives me the gift of release, of all I have kept hidden all these years? Or shall it rather be a dare? My friend, who is as near as a brother to my heart, give me the daring to show my love that only I could love her best in all the world.

“Dare.” I say with all the confidence that only the truest love doth afford.

“Alright Prongs...”

Oh please, let it be something about confessing or showing my love for my dearest Severina!

“I dare you to dress in drag for the rest of the night.”

Well... not exactly what I had in mind.

Looking in the mirror, wearing Marlene’s stuffed swimsuit top, Lily’s beach wrap and a combination of the girls’ makeup, I sigh in despair.

I am an ugly girl.

I reach for the ruby red lipstick that belongs to my beloved. She used this lipstick once.

Lily asked her if I might make use of it, “Hey, Sev, can Potter use your lipstick?”

Severina, my angelic dove answered, “Sure, I only used it once and I won’t ever wear it again.”

Lily gasped, “But I bought it for you!”

“Yes and I’ll cherish it forever.”

“But never wear it?”

“Precisely.”

Then Lily handed the cherished possession of my dearest love to me. Her lips touched this lipstick and now I am raising it to my own. Almost as though her lips have reached out and touched my own...

Merlin’s beard I’m a pathetic loser. It is nothing close to kissing. Not that I’d know... I’m saving my virgin lips for my Severina.

I look again in the mirror.

I am not a pretty girl.

Severina kissed Lily and Lily Evans is a very conventionally attractive girl. I am no Lily Evans. Not even close.

I’m a handsome enough young man but I am not an attractive young lady. That’s for sure...

But what if Sev wants a man who can be both?

I sigh again and steel up my Gryffindor courage, plastering on confidence and doing my best to perform a saucy swagger.

Everyone laughs and giggles while I strike sexy poses and make kissy faces.

Sev appraises me and speaks the very words that give my heart wings enough to soar, “Damn, Potter! I can’t believe I’m saying this, but you make a pretty hot chick.”

I beam at her, “You really think so?”

Everyone laughs even harder than before but I could care less because Sev thinks I’m pretty!

## Chapter 9

### Sev's POV

I must admit, playing truth or dare with a group of Gryffindors is rather entertaining. They've all picked dare. It might as well be renamed: let's go around and suggest stupid ass things we can do. Since this is normal Gryffindor behavior, one must wonder if the 'game' is actually waiting to take turns.

James dares Lupin to sing 'Dancing Queen' by Abba while dancing his heart out. For being one of the more subdued Marauders, I am surprised how much effort he puts into his song and dance number. He can't sing worth shit but he can dance. I can practically hear Lily panting when he swings his hips in a way reminiscent of Elvis.

Marlene is next, dared by Lupin to lick peanut butter off of Sirius's face. This is a bit uncomfortable for everyone because Sirius is getting too into it and keeps making dirty comments that make Marlene laugh.

"That's right baby, lick that peanut butter like you mean it." Sirius purrs.

Marlene tries but she's laughing too hard. Sirius starts rubbing his cheek against her lips saying, "Come on baby, you know you want it."

Marlene snorts and tries to force her tongue out to lick the peanut butter. Her tongue presses flat against his cheek and licks off some. Marlene groans in disgust,

"Uck! Sirius, when was the last time you shaved? It's like trying to lick peanut butter off of sandpaper."

With that pleasant image in mind, I decide that I will not choose dare when Marlene asks me. Once she finishes her Sirius and peanut butter sandwich, it is my turn and obviously, I'm not going to debase myself like these foolish Gryffindors.

"Alright Snape," Marlene turns to me, wiping the peanut butter from her lips and chin with the back of her hand, "Truth or dare?"

"Truth." Obviously.

Everyone sits up a little and stares at me. I must admit, I'm a bit unnerved now. I had expected them to groan in annoyance or disapproval for not playing into their hands. I swallow down my discomfort from the self-satisfied smirk and evil glint in Marlene's eye. What have I just done?

"Have you ever masturbated while thinking about Potter?"

WHAT? What kind of fucked up question is that? That's no one's damn business! Shit, shit, shit...

Everyone's mouth drops open, and their eyes turn wide, looking between Marlene, myself, and James (who is still in drag, I might add; his ruby-red lips open and rounded in a perfect 'o').

I try not to react but my face feels like it's on fire and I... well I... I don't have to explain myself or go into detail. It's not like it's abnormal or anything to... do that. We're teenagers for fuck's sake and it's just hormones... and Potter happens to be the hottest guy in school and sometimes he looks at me like he wants to kiss me and I usually just write it off as hormonal hallucinations.

Except that today he's been treating me like maybe, he does like me? I don't know... it could all just be a prank, but teaching me to play volleyball and how James was a bit protective and jealous when David was acting like the flirtatious slug that he is (I mean he's practically slept through Cokeworth and I have no interest in being another notch on his belt). Then the way James held me above the water and the way he looked at me made my stomach feel like it was filling with butterflies. Then the towel and the bottle of water and the sunscreen, like he wanted to take care of me. Then he even gave me his shirt, which I am still wearing and it smells like him and it is actually rather comforting to wear, like being hugged ever-so-gently. James even bought me ice cream like I was his girlfriend or something... like it was a date.

Let them think what they want. Let them think that I fantasize about having rough, angry, sweaty, kinky sex with the Gryffindor chaser. They don't have to know the truth.

They don't have to know that I sometimes imagine that he actually likes me... that it might actually be possible that he could fall in love with me and want to... make love to me; under the stars, on a bed of rose petals, staring deep into each other's eyes while he whispers sweet confessions of love to my lips.

They don't have to know that I'm just a little bit in love with him.

They don't have to know that I secretly imagine our first time being our wedding night or that we'd have three children— two girls, and a boy: Selena, Aurora, and Harry. Maybe not in that order, maybe Harry, Aurora, and then little Selena.

I wouldn't want a big wedding. Maybe just the few friends that are here now, a select few Slytherins to even things out, and James's parents. Lily would help me with my hair and makeup and be my maid of honor and my dress would be ivory instead of a garish white and James would look heart-stoppingly handsome in his tuxedo. Maybe he would tear-up as he watches me walk down the aisle towards him.

For Merlin's sake! When did my crush get so out of hand?

I glance quickly at James and his glasses-framed hazel-eyes are staring wide at me and he swallows, waiting for my answer.

He doesn't have to know the whole truth.

I look back at Marlene who looks like she's starting to feel a little embarrassed by her own question. Good, she should.

Whatever. It's just a game.

I clear my throat and answer, feigning boredom through the heat of my cheeks, "Yes."

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### **Lily, Marlene, Sirius, and Remus POV**

Holy fuck!

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### **James POV**

Surely, now is the time to propose marriage?



## Chapter 10

### James POV

The everlasting Queen of my heart thinks of me, of me! She has admitted it aloud, that her mind turns to me in her most private and intimate moments in which she seeks her own pleasure.

At least she has at some point... I mean at least once, right? She did answer 'yes' and so I can safely assume it has happened at least once. I know I have. I mean... I-I have a lot. Like more than I, wonder, is healthy.

Such is the curse of an adolescent male.

And yet I cannot but hope it is more than attraction, more than lust. I would fulfill every fantasy my lady love desires. She could have me, mind, body, and soul if she were to wish it; wish for all of myself.

It's all I can think about all the next day while the girls are gone shopping. What did she think about when she thought about me? What if all she wanted was a physical relationship? I don't think I could do that. I want to make love to her.

I want to marry her and have babies! I want to dote on her as she grows round with our future children. I want our first time to be our wedding night, filled with the assurance that we will always belong to one another, forever. I want to make slow, exploring, gentle, worshipping love to her.

All-day long I'm haunted by visions of Severina in her wedding dress walking down the aisle towards me. She would be absolutely gorgeous in an ivory gown. Maybe our wedding colors should be silver and gold, red and green would be too Christmasy.

"So what exactly is a disco?" Sirius asks Remus while we dress and wait for the girls to finish their hair and makeup.

"It's a dance club scene. Uh, loud music, disco ball, bright lights, lots of colors." Remus explains.

"What's a disco ball?" I ask.

"It's this ball made of bits of mirrors so that it reflects light in lots of different directions." Remus says.

"And this is what people wear to discos?" I look down at my pale-blue, three-piece suit. The front dips down my chest in a sharp V revealing quite a lot of skin. The collars of the pale-blue jacket and the black shirt also protrude out sharply along my collar bone. The bottoms of my pants flare out dramatically and look like I'm walking around with two pale-blue bells hanging from my knees. My black platform shoes make me feel tall and are actually surprisingly comfortable.

"Yeah." Remus says but he sounds a little uncertain as he examines his own beige suit. Remus's shirt has a bright paisley design that draws attention to his chest hair and his platinum-white platforms pop from the bottom of his bells. Somehow, I feel the more understated of the guys.

Especially compared to Sirius whose suit is of a similar cut but is only one piece (something called a jumpsuit) and is completely white. Even his platform shoes and his belt were bright white. Sirius is absolutely in love with it and keeps stretching and wiggling around in it.

“I think we look sharp.” Sirius declares.

Yes, sharp is a very good descriptor. I feel like a walking triangle.

---

## Sev POV

James looks like a walking triangle. A pale-blue triangle.

At least he is not wearing a white jumpsuit. Marlene is wearing something similar to what Sirius is wearing and I suspect that Sirius and Marlene may share a brain.

The disco is ear-splittingly loud and hot and smells of body perspiration. The strobing lights are making me nauseous and I hate this fucking dress and these fucking boots. Lily and Marlene wrestled me into this flimsy patterned shirt with ridiculously floppy sleeves, and these skin-tight tiny shorts that I’m sure are the most uncomfortable thing I have ever worn and I’m afraid to walk lest I get camel toe, but thank Merlin for these tan suede boots that come half-way up my thigh.  
\*internal sarcastic eye-roll\*

Maybe I should have worn a glitter infested gold-jumpsuit, like Lily’s.

Not likely.

I touch my headband that matches my shirt and I wonder where my dignity has gone.

“You Sexy Thing” by Hot Chocolate starts playing.

“You want to dance?!” James shouts in my ear.

The others are already on the dance floor and I know there is no way in hell I could ever dance like that.

“No!” I answer and I feel a little tiny bit bad for the disappointment written on his face. So I suggest, “You go ahead!”

There are plenty of other girls around and several of them have been eyeing James ever since we got to the club. I won’t think about what it would mean to have to watch him dance with any of them, but I refuse to relinquish my last strands of dignity.

“I’ll dance for you then!” James says with a wink and that damn smile he’s been giving me the last two days that makes my stomach flutter. Maybe it’s just the strobing lights making me nauseous again.

What did he mean?

James keeps his eyes on me while he dances backward, toward the dance floor. His body is moving in rhythm with the song and once he’s on the dance floor he starts moving his hips and arms with purpose. I laugh because he’s absolutely ridiculous. His smile only grows and he starts waggling his eyebrows at me.

A buxom blond and a slender afro-haired lady start dancing closer and closer to James until he is sandwiched between them. James’s smile shifts as he looks surprised between the two chicks dancing around him.

I’m not jealous, of course. Potter can dance with whoever he wants.

I don't care.

Nope. Not at all.

Is that fucking bimbo is grinding her ass on James's crotch?

All the lights in the club must have gone red because everything is washed crimson as I march right up to Potter and wrap my arms around his neck getting his attention and he turns fully to me. I smile smugly, forget that I can't dance and I shimmy down his chest and move with the music. His jaw drops and he is swaying on autopilot until I'm righted enough for him to put his hands on my hips. He helps me stay on beat.

I hate disco dancing. I'll never do it again. Ever.

I sway with James and he tries to get me to move my arms. He turns me around so that my back is against his chest and he takes my wrists and puppets me into the motions of disco fever and then the worm with my arms. Then he spins me around again and he's smiling brightly.

James starts mouthing the words to the song, "Where did you come from, angel? How did you know I'd be the one? Did you know you're everything I prayed for?"

Well, maybe I'd dance with James again because I can't remember if there is anyone else in the room.

# Chapter 11

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

### Lily POV

REMUS LUPIN KISSED ME!!!

AHHH!

I couldn't sleep so I'm in the kitchen starting breakfast and I'm making pancakes, but I can't stop thinking about that kiss...

It was lovely... He was lovely... He's so...

...

...wild!

He didn't just kiss me, he practically attacked me... I loved it!

The disco was loud and hot and I needed some fresh air, so I pulled my man outside with me for a breather. We were outside looking at the stars and the waxing moon (astronomy is one of my favorite classes, by the way, aside from charms and potions). I was about to ask Remus if he likes astronomy too but before any words came from my mouth, I was in Remus's arms and my lips were under his.

Remus is surprisingly strong. He had a hand in my hair and an arm around my waist like he never wanted to let go and I never wanted him to. He even growled my name against my lips when I responded by putting my fingers in his hair and pressing my body up against his.

Unfortunately, some drunks came stumbling by and wolf-whistled at us. Oh no wait, that's right, I had thought it was a couple of drunks but it was just Sirius and Marlene.

Damn it... I burnt the first batch of pancakes. Oh well, I'll give it to Sirius. I doubt he'll notice.

Someone clears their throat behind me and I turn to see Remus looking a bit uncertain. I smile so big at the sight of him, my cheeks are already sore.

"Lily," he blushes and winces at the slight crack in his voice, "about last night..."

About our amazing and memorable first kiss? About how he desperately wants me to be his girlfriend?

"I want to apologize..."

My face falls and I'm sure I'll burn another of Sirius's pancakes but I can't seem to care. Apologize for what? For kissing me? Does he not like me... I thought...

"We've been friends for a long time..."

Friends... Oh no... but he's supposed to like me more than that. I thought... Did I get it wrong? But he...

“You kissed me last night, Remus.” I remind him, inanely.

“Yeah, I know... about that I... I think you’re burning your pancakes.”

I spin to the damn pan and flip the pancakes and their blackened faces mock the hole being seared into my heart. I spin back around, getting angry that I read the situation so wrong. Why did he kiss me if he was just going to regret it the next day? I cross my arms and I glare at him. He has some explaining to do.

He swallows and his Adam’s apple bobs, “Right... umm... You know I like you...”

“But just as a friend? You just go around kissing your friends like that willy-nilly?”

“What? No,” He face turns hard and he sort of growls my name forcefully, “Lily.” I nearly jump at the sound of it but he grabs my shoulders and steadies me,

“I like you, like you. I want you to be my girlfriend and I shouldn’t have kissed you like that.” He blinks and looks at his hands on my shoulders and lets go of me, putting his hands in his pockets, “I should have been more chivalrous.” His shoulders shrug and he looks sheepish.

Aww! He’s so stinking cute! And everything is right in the world again. He does like me! I set my spatula down, ignoring the pancake completely, and throw my arms around Remus’s neck. He looks at me in surprise and I’m grinning like mad.

“I like you, like you too and I would absolutely love to be your girlfriend. You don’t have to be more chivalrous. You don’t have to be more or less anything. I think you’re perfect just the way you are.”

Remus hasn’t pulled his hands from his pockets yet. Why isn’t he holding me? Why is his face all sad and pained looking?

“Lily... I have to tell you something.”

He finally pulls his hands from his pockets but instead of wrapping them around me and kissing me silly, he tries to pull my arms from around his neck. I let him but I certainly don’t let go of his hands. I’m not letting him get away. He sighs and looks me in the eye with those big sad puppy dog eyes of his and I just want to kiss him all better.

“Lily, I have lycanthropy.” He winces, “I’m a werewolf.”

Ah... Okay... Yeah, that makes sense. Honestly, I kind of knew. Sev figured it out years ago, but I told her, ‘Sev you can’t just out people as werewolves.’ So, I hadn’t really taken her seriously, it wasn’t any of our business, but yeah, if I’m to be his girlfriend, then... It doesn’t change anything but I probably should have considered it before.

He’s still talking, “I understand if you don’t want anything to do with me.”

“Oh don’t be daft, Remus. Of course, I still want everything to do with you.” I giggle and the burning pancakes are starting to stink up the kitchen but we both ignore it in favor of us.

Then finally, finally! He leans down and kisses me. Oh, he’s perfectly sweet in his kiss this morning. I love it. I love that he can be wild and aggressive and I love that he can be sweet and tender. Oh my... I love him!

YAAAAAY!!!

“Is something burning?” Potter asks, walking into the kitchen and catching Remus and myself in our tender embrace.

We both freeze and turn to Potter.

“Oh! Well, congratulations you two,” Potter smiles genially.

Wait, what?

“Potter, you knew?” I ask.

He shrugs his shoulders, “Course, why do you think I’ve been making him look good all this time?”

“Remus doesn’t need you to make him look good. Remus is wonderful all on his own.”

“Oh certainly,” Potter says as he walks over to the plate of blackened pancakes. “What were these supposed to be?”

“Pancakes. Don’t change the subject. What did you mean—?”

Remus cuts me off, “Lily, do you have any chocolate chips? I would love a chocolate chip pancake.”

I flip the second batch of burnt pancakes onto the plate with the first.

“Of course, I’ll make you chocolate chip pancakes, sweetie,” and I turn to peck a kiss on his adorable face and add, “As soon as one of you explain what James was referring to just now.”

Potter answered, picking up a black pancake and knocking it against the counter and okay, so the pancakes are a bit on the hard side... maybe they’ll be like biscuits... right?

“I was acting like a ‘toe rag’ so Remus could step in and be the gentlemen and now you’re together, so it worked! You’re welcome, mate.” He added with a wink and a pat on Remus’s shoulder. Remus looked like he would like to run and hide in a hole somewhere.

I get the chocolate chips out and add them to the batter.

“Actually, I don’t care for chocolate chips in my pancakes.” Potter says and I glare at him.

“I’m making pancakes and my boyfriend wants chocolate chips so chocolate chips are what’s on the menu, Potter.”

Remus tries to make some sort of escape, “I should probably wake Siri—,” but I grab his wrist and pull him back.

Potter is unfazed and tries to bite into the pancake, but ends up just gnawing on it a bit. He asks Remus around the pancake, “So how’d you get her to agree to be your girlfriend?”

Remus scratches his neck and looks confused, “I don’t rightly know, it sort of just happened.”

Ugh, boys! I flip perfectly golden chocolate chip pancakes, “He kissed me under the stars.” I answer dreamily, “Then this morning, he confessed his feelings for me.”

“Wait,” James said giving up on the burnt pancake and tossing it in the bin, “You just told her? You just came out and said ‘I like you’?”

Remus pinched his eyes shut and tried again to escape, but Sirius walked in just then blocking his way.

“Rule number one, boys.’ Sirius shakes his head, ‘You never tell a girl you like her. It just makes you look like an idiot.” He walks over to the burnt pancakes, takes the entire plate, and proceeds to drown them in syrups.

“Wait, wait... You two,’ I gesture between Remus and James with the spatula, ‘have been taking dating advice from him?’” Pointing my spatula at Sirius who unsuccessfully tries to stab a fork into the pancakes. He gives up on the fork and takes out his wand to levitate a pancake into his mouth, gnawing on it as syrup drips from the pancake and onto the plate. He finally takes a successful bite and smiles at me with a victorious wink.

“Well, yeah, Sirius always has a girlfriend,” James says.

I scoff, “I think that has less to do with his tactics and more to do with...” now if I admit out loud that Sirius is effortlessly gorgeous, that probably won’t go over well... *Word this carefully, now, Lily*, I tell myself, “the fact that most girls are rather shallow.”

Sirius swallows and says with that bad-boy smirk of his, “So... what I’m hearing is that I’m irresistible.”

Ugh, nope, there is no winning this conversation. I turn to my almost perfect chocolate chip pancakes and take out a new plate and pile them neatly.

“So what unsuccessful advice did he give you, Potter?” I ask James while handing the plate to Remus. Remus blushes and it takes all my will power not to kiss him again.

“He said, well... Oh! Morning, Sev,” James’s voice perks, and I look over at Sev coming in.

She doesn’t meet his eyes as she pushes a folded shirt toward him, “Thanks for letting me borrow this the other day, or whatever,” she shrugs.

James somehow turns all at once to goo as he stiffens uncomfortably before saying, “N-no problem, any time. Umm, Sev? I, umm, wanted to say that I...”

Sirius clears his throat and catches James’s eyes, holding up his pointer finger and wiggling it back and forth.

*Rule number one: you never tell a girl you like her. It just make you look like an idiot.*

Ugh! No! Just tell her James! I catch Potter’s eyes and nod encouragingly. Sev notices and squints with suspicion, so I very smoothly and not suspiciously at all, turn back to making chocolate chip pancakes.

“Hey, everyone!” Marlene’s voice cuts in, “There’s going to be live music on the pier today. We should go!”

Damn you, Marlene! James was just about to confess his undying love and my best friend is so close to her happily ever after. Hopefully, James doesn’t listen to Sirius and just tells Sev that he likes her. Severina may act tough as nails most of the time, but I know better. She’s just as sweet and insecure as any teenage girl. If James is waiting around for Sev to make a move, it won’t happen.

With luck the music at the pier will at least be romantic.

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## James POV

Dancing with Severina last night was... I sigh aloud. I simply can't help it! It was everything to me, to have her in my arms and have her undivided attention. Not to mention her body pressed up against mine. She fit perfectly.

Why is it so hard to tell her that? Why is it so hard to confess? If only I could look her in those arresting eyes of hers and say, 'You fit perfectly in my heart and I'll never be able to remove you. Not without irreparable damage. Please, don't ever ask me to. Please let me love you. Please love me.'

Merlin, I'm pathetic.

"Prongs, stop sighing like a lovesick idiot! Just enjoy the music, man!" Padfoot says throwing his arms around my shoulders and trying to get me to sway with the music. I laugh and sway with him, throwing my arm around Moony and the three of us start singing along. The band was playing 'Lola' by The Kinks.

The song ended and the band announced they were going to take a breather. That's when I started to worry the girls got lost coming back from the loo. I knew we should have accompanied them.

Remus elbowed me in the side. He didn't say anything, just looked pointedly off to the side to where he spotted the girls. Except they weren't alone...

That piece of shit David and his rugby mates were overtly flirting with our ladies!

"Oi! What the hell do those guys think they're doing? Those are our girls. They should go find their own!" Sirius growled and moved to march over to them but I grabbed his and Remus's arms.

"Wait, I have an idea." I say, looking toward the empty stage.

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## Sev POV

"You foxy ladies should chill with us tonight." David's friend, who I can't care enough to remember his name, says with an overly confident smirk which makes him look like an asshole.

Which reminds me of another overly confident asshole and I look around for James and the guys, but I can't see them anymore and I swear I saw them just a moment ago.

"Yeah, Sev, you and your friends would have much more fun with us." David says with a smile in my direction but his eyes drift over to Marlene's breasts and Lily's ass for the third time since he and his friends waylaid us.

I roll my eyes and am about to retort that, 'we would have more fun choking on our own vomit without your help, thanks,' when the music starts playing [Elvis Presley's "Let Me Be Your Teddy Bear."](#)

*Baby let me be  
Your lovin' Teddy Bear  
Put a chain around my neck  
And lead me anywhere*

*Oh let me be (oh let him be)*  
*Your teddy bear*

“That was a short break,” Lily comments.

Is it just me or does the band sound different from before? I see Marlene look toward the band from the corner of my eye and her mouth drops open,

“Oh my god!” she says.

I turn to look and... what does Potter think he's doing?

*I don't wanna be a tiger*  
*Cause tigers play too rough*  
*I don't wanna be a lion*  
*'Cause lions ain't the kind*  
*You love enough*

I didn't know Potter played guitar. Black is playing bass and Lupin is on the keyboard.

*I just wanna be*  
*Your Teddy Bear*  
*Put a chain around my neck*  
*And lead me anywhere*  
*Oh let me be (oh let him be)*

James actually sounds a bit like Elvis and apparently, Lupin isn't the only one who can swing his hips. Lupin and Black are singing backup and all three of them are looking in our direction.

*Your Teddy Bear*  
*Oh baby let me be*  
*Around you every night*  
*Run your fingers through my hair*  
*And cuddle me real tight*  
*Oh let me be (oh let him be)*  
*Your Teddy Bear*

The crowd is singing along and some girls in the audience squeal when James swings his hips and points across the crowd until it reaches us. I wish I could tear my eyes away but James hasn't taken his eyes off me and my heart is doing that stupid fluttering thing. I try to remind myself that Potter's love of attention is why I don't like him, but I guess it is kind of brave to be able to put yourself in front of a crowd like this.

*I don't wanna be a tiger*  
*Cause tigers play too rough*  
*I don't wanna be a lion*  
*Cause lions aren't the kind*  
*You love enou-ou-ou-ough*

*Just wanna be your Teddy Bear*  
*Put a chain around my neck*  
*And lead me anywhere*  
*Oh let me be (oh let him be)*  
*Your teddy bear*

*Oh let me be (oh let him be)*  
*(Your teddy bear)*  
*I just wanna*  
*Be your Teddy Bear (ooh)*

The crowd cheers and the guys bow with a flourish. James looks over the crowd and says into the mic, "Thank you, thank you very much," just like Elvis.

Lily and Marlene burst out laughing and I can't help joining them. I laugh until my abdomen aches and my cheeks are sore.

Lily recovers first, "Sorry guys, we already have plans with our boyfriends tonight."

I stop laughing because 'boyfriends?' James isn't my boyfriend...

Oh my god... James had been looking at me during the song... Was he singing to me?

Oh blood hell...

James Potter likes me!

Right?

I feel lightheaded and can't decide if I feel happy or sick.

"Suit yourselves," I hear David say and feel the weight of his arm settle around my shoulders, "Sev, you're with us, right? Leave Evans with those ponces and come out with me. We'll have a good time, I promise," and he squeezes me to him a little.

That's right, I already told David that James wasn't my boyfriend. He assumes Lily had excluded me in her remark. I mean, it makes more sense, right? James really isn't my boyfriend. It was ridiculous of me to immediately think Lily meant to suggest he was. Despite her initial efforts, Lily has pretty much backed off on her matchmaking attempt. It had been a foolish endeavor anyway.

"Hello again," Potter's voice spat, "David."

I look up and he's flanked by Lupin and Black and all three are glaring at David and his friends. I can hear David and his friends laugh.

"Let's get out of here, they're just a bunch of kids anyway."

A few of them start walking away and I hear one of them mutter, "Virgins are more effort than they're worth."

Assholes.

I almost forgot David until his arm let go and grabbed my hand to pull me along behind him. I yank my hand from him. I don't care if Potter likes me or not, I'm not about to ditch Lily for David or any guy just because he's reenacting caveman mating rituals.

"Fuck off," I snap, "I'm spending my spring break with Lily. I'm not ditching her just because your randy ass suddenly noticed I had developed breasts."

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**James POV**

This right here, right now, is the very reason I fell irreparably in love with Severina Snape. I'm completely in awe of her, always have been and always will be. Her loyalty to her friend is and has always been immovable. Even after she was sorted into Slytherin and the other Slytherins told her to stop being friends with Lily because she's muggle-born, Severina stuck by her friend.

I want that for myself. Not just from Sev but for my own friendships and relationships. When I found out about Remus's lycanthropy, I thought of Severina and determined to support him however I could. When Sirius confided that he was miserable at home, I offered him mine and when Peter acts like a prat, I don't kick his ass. All because of Sev.

I want to deserve that loyalty she's so obviously capable of. So, no, I don't mind that she goes to Lily's side instead of mine as David stomps off with a scoff and a, "Whatever."

I don't mind because at this moment, to me, Severina is blindingly gorgeous. She's the most incredible person and I can't stop admiring how strong she looks right now. I don't even realize I'm staring until Sev looks up at me from under her long dark lashes with her dark eyes and her blush gives me some clue as to how I must look right now.

I can't care though. I'm too distracted by the clarity of understanding that I'm looking at my future wife right now.

Sev crosses her arms, rolls her eyes, and scoffs, "You okay there Teddy Bear?"

Everyone laughs and I don't think I'll ever stop smiling.

## Chapter End Notes

Random Fun fact! The first time I dreamed up this story, it was not a comedy and it had been Sev/Remus being inadvertent third-wheels who kept getting paired together and throughout the beach trip start falling for each other. James was going to be struggling with his realization of his feelings for Sev while watching her fall in love with Remus instead. For example, the scene where James teaches Sev to play volleyball had been Remus teaching Sev and James watching and messing up the game because his jealousy was distracting him.

Hope you're enjoying this more fluffy Sev/James, Lily/Remus version!

## Chapter 12

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

#### SEV POV

Damn it Potter, stop looking at me like that! I may actually start to pity you.

Really, Marlene and Sirius are assholes so I am not surprised they abandoned us to go snog somewhere. But for Lily to grab Lupin and pull him away for a makeout session in whatever corner they could find, is beyond selfish. It is beyond betrayal!

Now I'm left alone with Potter and his brain is obviously shut off for the day.

He's still cute though... with his warm hazel eyes, strong jaw and full lips...

Oh fuck it!

"You wanna make out?" I ask him.

His eyes widen and his jaw drops. I immediately regret my offer. I blame it on teenage hormones...

But this is James Potter... how am I supposed to survive his proximity without wanting to kiss his stupidly handsome face?

Finally, he figures out how to get his gaping mouth to make words,

"W-with you?" he asks.

And just like that, my carefully guarded heart crumples inward into a blackened shriveled mass. Of course he doesn't want to kiss me. If I was prettier and popular, he would already be all over me, but I'm not. I'm Severina Snape in all my large-nosed, pasty-skin, cantankerous glory. No makeover can change that and nowhere but in my ill-begotten dreams would James Potter ever deign to kiss me.

"Forget it." I shake my head and make my way towards the beach.

The sunset is disgustingly romantic and I'm glad I'm not an overly romantic sod because otherwise I'd be pissed right now.

#### ---- JAMES POV

Shit! Sev is pissed right now... and the sunset is perfect! If I miss my opportunity to kiss my beloved bathed in its warm glow I'll never forgive myself...

I call out to her but she's ignoring me. Damn she's a fast walker... I have to run to catch her. I cut her off and she stops with a huff. Her arms are crossed against her chest and she won't look at me.

"Why are you running away from me?"

"I'm not running. I'm walking away from you, Potter. Obviously."

Damn it, her sass turns me on and this really isn't the time. Sev can be such a pain in the arse and I

love it. I run my hand through my hair to calm down a bit.

“Okay. Why are you walking away from me?”

“Look. You don't want to kiss me. Whatever. Just drop it Potter and let me nurse my hurt pride somewhere away from you.”

She thinks I don't want to kiss her? It would be a dark, bitter, and cruel alternate reality wherein I would not want to kiss Snape.

“I love you.”

Oh shit... It just came out. This isn't at all how I had planned it in my head.

I couldn't help it! My heart is so full of love for her, it swells my throat and coats my tongue. I'm surprised it hadn't happened sooner. I'm surprised that I don't spill confessions every time I look at her.

“What?” She asks and her dark eyes are staring widely at me. Her arms have dropped a little and all I want is for her arms to fall completely open for me. I belong in her arms and her arms aren't meant to guard her heart so tightly—not from me.

I meet her eyes with all the sincerity I feel, “Severina Snape, I'm in love with you. I've always been in love with you. Since the moment I met you on the train...”

“Bullshit.”

“What?”

“Cut the bullshit, Potter. I don't know what you're playing at, but you have not been in love with me since first-year. You've been nothing but an arrogant asshole and bully since we met.”

“I... well I thought...” she glares at me with that elegant eyebrow arch that always sends nervous tingles all over me, ‘I thought you would like me better like that.”

“That is the most imbecilic thing I have ever heard.”

“Yes, well that was my initial reaction too when Sirius suggested it.’ Then a memory strikes me and bite out with a bit of annoyance, “You followed Malfoy around like a lovesick puppy for our the first three years! I thought, Sirius must be right because there is no greater cocky asshole who brags about his wealth all the time...”

I don't know how I expect her respond but smirking at me like that throws me a bit.

“So... let me get this straight. Because of something Black said and my ill-advised crush on Lucius in my formative years, you thought you'd pull my pigtails until I fell in love with you? Tell me, was it Black who also suggested you flirt shamelessly with my best friend?”

Sev is so confusing! She frowns when she's happy and smiles when she's angry...

“Well, no. That was me,’ her eyebrows twitched, ‘What I mean, is it was my idea to act like a smarmy git so that Remus could come in like a knight-in-shining armor and woo Lily.”

Sev pinched the bridge of her beautiful nose, “I don't believe this.”

I feel like I'm dying a little inside. She doesn't believe that I love her?

“I love you! I-I love you... I love you more than quidditch!”

Nooooo! Mouth, you have failed me! Why!? Why couldn't I have said something more romantic...

I love you more than the sun loves the horizon. Even as it softly kisses it good night, wakes it in the morning and watches over it all the day long. I love you with the sun and with its warmth that baths us with its rich passion. But a greater love than the sun's I have for you, for I will never hide from you even in the night. I am now and forever always yours.

“More than quidditch?” She huffs a staccato through her nose. Then looks up at me with a sideways smile, “Why, James Potter, I think that is the sweetest thing you have ever said to me.”

I can't help it. I just can't... She turns all my sense into clouds and all my innards into a warm melting. I smile so wide, my cheeks are sore and I can feel my dimples deepening.

——— SEV POV

Potter's lost it. He's completely lost his mind.

I sigh and shake my head.

“Come on, Potter, let's go find Black and get the antidote,” I reach out and pat his cheek with as much sympathy as I can muster.

I grab his wrist and pull a perplexed and dazed Potter behind me back towards the house.

“Gryffindors and their proclivity for pranks, even on their own friends, is beyond me,” I mutter as Potter continues to spout off rubbish about being in love with me.

## Chapter End Notes

This is probably my favorite story I've written. I usually write much darker stuff because my blackened soul demands it :P but this story has been a really fun change of pace for me. Hope you all are enjoying it as much I am!

## Chapter 13

### James POV

The course of true love never did run smooth. I know this. It has been my mantra since I laid eyes on my beloved Severina.

Severina's hand is wrapped around my wrist and I twist my hand to grip hers. I stop and pull her toward me, spinning her into my arms and wrapping my free arm around her waist to steady her against me.

"Severina please," I beg her to listen, to hear me, "I love you."

She rolled her eyes and she looked skeptical, but I am not so easily deterred,

"Even if you don't believe me; I love you. Even if you hate me; I love you. I love everything about you!"

Her eyes narrow and she regards me.

"More than anything, I love that you are here with me right now. I am so ridiculously in love with you. I don't blame you for thinking its a love potion, but even the strongest love potion can only ever be infatuation. And that's not what this is. I *love* you. If you want to drag me back to the house and ask Sirius for a Love Potion Antidote, fine. I'll drink it. I will drink all the antidotes in the world and still never be cured, because Severina Snape, I love you. I am truly and deeply and forever in love with you."

Severina's mouth falls agape and her eyes go wide as she searches my face. I hope she sees the truth written in my eyes. She doesn't speak and I can't stop spilling my heart out.

"You know, this beach trip has been the best of my life. I've spent most of it imagining a future with you. I've loved every moment you allowed me in your presence. I should really thank Lily for giving me the excuse to invite you. I was so happy when she convinced you. I would've been rather lonely without you and I definitely owe her for putting you in that red bikini," I grin and laugh as Severina rolls her eyes and slaps my chest.

I continue, "Then the volleyball game. Teaching you and you letting me. I love having you in my arms. Haven't you noticed how I keep trying to get you in my arms again?" and I wrap her up, causing her hands to press more tightly between us into my chest.

Severina looks like she wants to say something so I wait. I've waited this long to tell her, surely I can wait a little longer to hear her reply.

"You held my hand and gave me your shirt..."

My smile grows at the memory and knowing it had meant something to her too, "Yes. Some of the happiest moments of my life have been made on this beach." I sigh dreamily, "That's why I think we should have our wedding here."

My smile falls as soon as I realize what I've said. It was true, but I thought maybe I should wait at least a year of dating before suggesting it. It just slipped out! I swallow as I feel her stiffen in my arms and her face freeze.

“Our *wedding*?” She asks and then again, “*Our* wedding?”

I can’t think of any reply but, “Well yes, of course. Not today, we are only 16, but one day... I mean, didn’t you hear everything I said before? I’ve been trying to show you this whole time...at the disco, singing for you on stage— mmmh.”

Oh Merlin! Sev’s kissing me! It is a quick press of our lips and she pulls back to look up at me with large doe eyes. She looks shocked by her actions and I smile in a way I hope is reassuring. I lean in to kiss her again but she pulls back a little to say pointedly,

“You’re still taking an antidote when we get back.”

My jaw clenches and without another word I take her hand in mine and pull us back toward the house. I dare a quick look back at her and her hair is covering her face and her free arm is hugging her midsection. I stop immediately at the sight,

“Sev, Love, what’s wrong?”

I feel her hand squeeze mine a little more firmly but she doesn’t look up. I brush her hair behind her ears so I can see her face and my heart pains to see tear tracks on her cheeks. I brush them away with my fingers,

“Severina, please, I can’t bear to see you cry. Please tell me what’s the matter.”

Sev’s hand goes to the back of my neck and pulls me in. Her mouth meets mine in soft desperation. I pull her closer so our chests are pressed against each other and our hearts are beating through each other. Severina turns her head to gasp her breaths as I continue to pepper kisses on my beloved’s face,

“Just... just in case... in case the antidote works.”

I let my head fall to rest on her shoulder and I press my eyes into the slope of her neck.

“It’ll work,” I say as I lead her back to the house with renewed determination, “It’ll cure your doubts.”

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## **Marlene POV**

I’m not really sure what’s happening. One minute I’m snogging Sirius and the next, Potter’s voice is reverberating around the beach house about an antidote.

Sirius suddenly looks... well... serious and a bit pale.

An emergency meeting has formed in the sitting room. Sirius and Remus share a look and I feel a bit like a fly on the wall. I wish I knew what I could do to help the situation...

Potter is holding Snape’s hand and well yeah I thought it was weird and a little unbelievable when Sirius told me that Potter was harboring a secret crush on Snape since first-year. I laughed at first thinking he was joking, but after I thought about it, it did make a sort of sense. Sirius said that James had once asked him, years ago, what Slytherin girls liked. It had been in context of a broader discussion of what the different girls in houses liked in a boy, but Sirius said it became more obvious that James had been applying Slytherin tactics whenever Snape was around. They had all tested out different approaches to different girls but it had only been an experiment for a couple

weeks, then they had stopped. Except for James. Except with Snape.

Then seeing how Potter seemed to suddenly change once we got to the beach house... well I thought maybe it was being away from Hogwarts. They were cute, like two normal teenagers crushing on each other. They did make sense together in a way I wouldn't have immediately expected.

Truth or Dare was fun and I wanted to test the waters with Snape. It did seem she reciprocated, from her blush to how she seemed to pull Potter's shirt more tightly around herself. What a sweet and beautiful spring break we were all having. Then we coupled off tonight on our last night before the structure of school made it harder to steal moments together.

Now, I feel my stomach drop at the cold guilt written on my boyfriend's face as Potter asks,

"Any of you have a Love Potion Antidote? If not, Sev and I are going to hunt down a potion's shop,"

Lily laughed and I chuckled along with her, because I'm still not too sure what's going on.

"What do you need a Love Potion antidote for?" asked Lily.

Snape looks away and toward the ground as Potter pulls her hand and places a sweet kiss on her knuckles.

"I told Sev that I'm in love with her, but she thinks Sirius gave me love potion or something and that this is a prank. So, I'm going to take an antidote and prove to her that I truly am in love with her. Then we can put all her doubts to rest and live our happily ever after."

Lily squeals and starts jumping up and down. She runs to Snape and wraps her in a bouncy squealy hug saying,

"See! I told you! Potter loves you!"

"He said he loves me more than Quidditch," snarks Snape.

Sirius barks out laughing, Remus laughs behind his hand, and Potter scratches his neck blushing and chuckling. I snort a bit when I giggle.

"Well my boy does love Quidditch so that's saying a lot!" Sirius says and slaps Potter's shoulder, "I supposed saying it like that can be an exception and proof of rule number one. You two have been dancing around your feelings for each other long enough. Really you were driving all of us and all of Hogwarts nutty with all the sexual tension and angst between you two."

Why was Sirius talking so fast? And why was Remus giving him that broody look?

James laughed lightly, "Which is why I need an antidote so we can move on with our lives."

Sirius huffed, "Aren't you happy? What do you need to waste time hunting down reasons for being 'okay' with being happy."

I see Remus slip away. Lily and Snape notice as well. Lily and I simply looked confused, while Snape's eyes narrow and she turned her suspicious glare towards Sirius.

"Exactly, I don't to waste anymore time. I've waited 5 years for this moment and she can't be confident in me. I don't know where I went wrong... but I want to spend the rest of my life with

her! I can't have my future wife wondering if I'm only in love with her because *you* might be pulling a prank." Potter says.

"Me?" Sirius asks.

Snape spoke next, "Well I doubt Potter would do it himself and the two of you have a bad habit of taking *pranks* a bit far. There is very little I would put past you, Black."

"Why, Sev, from you, I take that as a compliment," Sirius says with a flirty wink which bothers me a little, but not as much as it bothers Potter because Potter wraps a possessive arm around Snape's waste and pulls her into his side.

Remus returns and Snape steps out of Potter's possession and holds out her hand in Remus's direction,

"Give me the antidote, Lupin."

Lupin's eyes are like a sad puppy's and he says, "It's not what you think... It wasn't a prank. We're just trying to help him. Just like Lily was trying help you by getting Potter to invite you here."

Remus pulls a vial out of his pocket and hands it to her.

"Remus?" Lily gasps, "Did you give Potter a love potion?"

"No, I did, but its not a... *strong* a love potion," Sirius says, and everyone freezes in varying expressions of shock to listen, "It just helps the drinker be honest about their feelings... and makes them a bit more romantic. James, you're my Mate, I care about you. You're like a brother to me. I was just trying to help. I wouldn't slip you amortentia or anything like that. It wasn't like everything between you two isn't real, its just maybe... softer around the edges. I just sped you on a bit. Also, James, come on! Remus asked you to stop 'helping' him with Lily awhile ago and well, I guess Sev's right about us taking things a bit too far... When Lily made you invite Snape you wouldn't shut up about what a hardship it was going to be. Who were you trying to convince? We saw right through you! You were absolutely thrilled she was coming."

"What are you saying, Sirius?" Potter asks.

"That you can be a bit of an emotionally repressed arsehole," I chime in, because now that Sirius mentions it, Potter had been acting way too nice lately.

Potter looks at Snape and Snape arches her eyebrow, then holds out the vial to him without a word. Potter took it from her and took a step toward her but she pressed her hand against his chest to keep him at arm's length. Potter stopped and covered her hand with his, positioning it over his heart.

"It's not going to change anything, Sev. I do really love you. You'll see. I love you so much, so bloody much."

I swear I tear up at the pained look on Potter's face. He looks completely open and vulnerable.

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## James POV

I brush a comforting stroke over my darling Severina's fingers even as she pulls her hand away from me.

“Drink the antidote, Potter,” my lady commands me and so I must drink... mustn't I?

Nothing will change. I look into her eyes and I know I couldn't have simply made up a reality where I have loved her all this time. No. Sirius said it only made the drinker more honest about their feelings. Surely I haven't lied to myself so well that I would stop loving her once I drink the antidote. The love will still be there...

I uncork the vial and lift it to my mouth. I look at Severina the whole time as if to anchor myself. Then I lower the vial and taken Severina swiftly into my arms despite her hands pushing against my chest again. I hold her cold gaze and I feel fevered. How can coldness burn so bad?

“Do you like me better like this? More honest? More romantic? Do I make you happy this way? Did I make you sad before? I won't drink it... unless you really want me to. Because the thing is, I think I am happier this way. I don't really want to chance it if... what if I've lied to myself? It made me honest, but what if I believe a lie? I don't want to live in a lie.”

Severina lifts her chin and I bend to meet her reaching lips. I want to keep kissing her, but she lowers herself and tells me softly,

“Neither do I. I don't want to live in a lie. Drink the antidote, James.”

I nod and give her brow a quick peck. Then I down antidote in one swallow. I blink rapidly as my head clears and my vision appears a little less rosy.

Fuck.

Fucking Padfoot and Moony... at least we hadn't been at school. Oh god I have Snape in my arms. Oh, Merlin I kissed her didn't? I told her I loved her and practically proposed to her...

I grimace and step away from Snape with my hands held up in defeat. I start to laugh,

“Well, Padfoot, I got to admit that was... that was, umm...” I pinch bridge of my nose pushing up my glasses and oh Merlin, had I been crying?!? Shit this is embarrassing. I keep laughing like it hilarious and look up as Sirius, “A damn good prank. You got me good... its going to be a hard one to top.”

But Sirius isn't laughing which is honestly a little creepy. I look around the room,

“So Siri, whose next? Does Lily need an antidote too? Snape?”

My chest sort of feels like someone is stepping on it. I bet he gave one to Snape too. She wouldn't have kissed me like that... not after all that sappy shit I said about... *our wedding*.

Why is my heart beating so fast? Why can't I seem to catch my breath? An image flashes in my mind of Snape in an ivory gown and walking towards me on the sandy beach, surrounded by golds and silvers.

I look at Snape who isn't looking at me anymore, but at the door as if thinking to leave. My jaw sort of hurts as if I have been sucking on something sour.

“No Mate. No one else drank the potion. You were the only one I gave it to,” Sirius answers tiredly.

“Well then...” Snape says and heads to the door, “fuck you all very much for this memorable spring break.” She turns to Lily, “Lily, you coming? I bet I could get David to buy us some beer.”

Rage like I have never felt before burns my throat and just as Lily says, “Uh...,” I scoffed derisively,

“David? The sweaty muggle who probably doesn’t have two muggle pounds to rub together? The one who made it blatantly clear he just wants your virginity? Well, I suppose he’s just your type...”

Snape crosses her arms as she turns to me, “Why James Potter, you really are a rich pureblood wizard who acts like cocky asshole and brags about his wealth all the time.”

“Why, Snape, if I didn’t know better, I’d say you were flirting with me,” and I can feel the grin spread across my lips.

“How fortunate for you, that you know better.”

She says it with so much sass and fuck I think I’m getting a hard-on. She starts again to the door and pulls it open. In only a few strides I’m blocking her way,

“Now, now Snape, no use playing so hard to get. *You* kissed me, remember? And you weren’t under the influence of a potion.”

Why was my heart pounding so damn hard? I only mean to make fun of her. She fell for it— all that romantic rot. At least I have an excuse...

Snape’s face is impassive, “Only to shut you up about how much you loved me and wanted to marry me. You were going on and on about all the ‘moments’ we’ve shared on this beach and how you want to have *our wedding* on this beach. Salazar, I thought you’d never stop.”

“You cried,” I remind her.

“You bored me to tears,” She says and lowers her voice to mimic me, “Oh Sev, I love you. Even if you don’t believe me; I love you. Even if you hate me; I love you. I will drink all the antidotes in the world and still never be cured, because I love you. I am truly and deeply and forever in love with you.”

I laugh and smirk, “You remember all that, huh?”

“Why are you still trying to keep me in you arms?”

I blink in surprise. When did I wrap my arms around her waist? I pull her toward me and she budes a little. I look back up at her face and there’s a tear threatening to fall from her eye. My throat constricts and I remember what I had said to her under the potion, “*I can’t bear to see you cry,*” and apparently I can’t because I’m pulling her into a hug. I don’t rub comforting circles across her shirt. I don’t whisper words of comfort. I simply fold around her as if to cover her. I tuck my face in a little to ask into her ear,

“You weren’t really going to run off to David were you?”

I feel her shrug in my arms and she mumbles into my shirt, “I don’t know. Might have. Would have decided once I got out the door. What would you have done if I did?”

“Followed you and beat the shit out of him.”

I think Snape’s laughing... I think I made her laugh. Have I ever made her laugh before?

I hear Sirius groan, “See why I slipped him that potion? He’s forgotten all about us. He doesn’t even realize he’s doing it. She’s the only thing that exists right now.”

“We might as well start our fire for s’mores.” Remus says.

“I’ll grab the s’mores.” Lily says.

“I’ll help,” adds Marlene.

And their footsteps become distant.

I smirk into Sev’s shoulder,

“So Snape, you want to make out?” I ask her.

She pulls back to look at me unimpressed, “With you— an emotionally stunted arrogant asshole?”

“I could ask Sirius what the potion was. You could have sweet romantic James back.”

“You wouldn’t.”

I shrug. Of course not, it was just a joke.

She rolls her eyes, “No thanks, romantic James was about to spout poetry and describe my wedding dress in detail.”

I think for a moment, “Ivory, with lace shaped like shells and entwined gold and silver trim.”

Snape pushes away from me with groan but I pull her back with a laugh, “If we have a beach wedding, will I get to see you in a bikini again?”

She’s looking at me like I’m an idiot which I don’t think I deserve until she says, “If it’s *our wedding*, I imagine you’d get to see me in nothing.”

All thought has left me.

Snape....

in nothing...

Oh Merlin. She crosses her arms over her chest and I realize I am staring at her breasts.

“I’m going to get s’mores before Black eats them all.”

I watch her backside as walks away, “Yeah, okay, catch up with you in a tick. Just have to... yeah...”

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### Sev’s POV

Potter’s too easy. I’m roasting a marshmallow when he comes to join us, with a relaxed dopey grin. He sits next to me on the log I’m sitting on. The other logs were taken up by the two couples around the fire, making s’mores and flirting in their own little worlds. James readies graham cracker and chocolate for me.

Maybe the potion hadn’t changed him *too* much. Maybe there is still a little of the sweet James in

there still.

I steady the perfectly toasted marshmallow out to him and he pulls it between the crackers. I can see the chocolate starting to melt...

As he shoves half of it in his mouth and says with cheeky grin chewing around *my s'more*, "Thanks."

I'm contemplating roasting him over the fire as I glare at him.

He feigns sweet innocence, "Oh! Would you like some?" and he holds the half-eaten s'more in front of my face. I am not amused by his childish antics and try to take the s'more from him, but he retracts it.

"Uh-uh," he offers it again with a smirk.

"I'm not having you feed me, Potter."

He shrugs, "Alright," and goes to shove the rest in his mouth, chocolate dripping down his fingers.

I snatch his wrist and warn, "Don't you dare. That's mine."

He smirks and wiggles it in front of me, "Then eat it."

Fine. I wrap my mouth around the s'more, letting my tongue reach out to grab the chocolate dripping down his finger and as I pull away I nip the tips of his fingers with my teeth.

I smirk at his slack-jawed, frozen expression. I think I broke him.

"Now, be a good boyfriend, James, and make me another s'more."

James smiles and reaches for the marshmallows before he stops short. He looks over his shoulder,

"Boyfriend?"

I lean forward as if I might kiss him, but I don't. His eyes fall to my lips and I think he'll kiss me but instead he says,

"I was afraid for a moment, that we were going to end in the middle of falling in love."

"Do I need to get you another antidote?"

He chuckles and shakes his head with a soften smile.

"I just mean... I was afraid maybe Sirius had given you a potion too... Being romantic did seem to work, though, didn't it? I won't make a habit of it, but you'll have to deal with me being romantic every once in a while." Then he finally closes the gap between us and presses his lips against mine. His kiss is the same yet different. He is just a tender but there is something... less dreamy and more real in his kiss now.

He goes back to putting a marshmallow on the stick and holding it out to the fire. He leans back and wraps an arm around me.

He sighs sounding content, "I'm going to miss the beach."

I lean into him, "We'll be back."

“Lily and Sirius will insist on being Maid of Honor and Best Man,” he chuckles and I lean up to kiss his jaw.

I look over at Lily and Black who are watching us with big grins on their faces. They turn to each other and high-five.

Leaning on James, surrounded by friends, I guess Lily and Sirius (as much as that pains me) were right about a select few things. James too, it would seem. The antidote did work and it did cure my doubts. Besides, I love him too much to have left him like that. Lily... well I suppose I'll have to forgive her and Black for playing matchmaker... eventually.

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## **Lily POV**

Three Years Later...

Potter certainly knows how to plan a wedding. Sev didn't care much about having it be too large. The beach was gorgeous in early summer. The wedding was perfect and I ugly cry when Sev handed her bouquet to me and when James and Sev said their vows.

I have gathered myself together now and everyone is enjoying themselves at the wedding reception. I look over at Sirius and he gives me a wink and a thumbs up. Remus gives my hand an encouraging squeeze.

I stand and clink my glass,

“Attention. Can I have your attention please? Thank you, all for being here today to celebrate the marriage of Severina and James. If you don't know me, I'm Lily Evans, Severina's best friends and the reason that we are all here today—“

“Oi” Sirius interrupts.

“Okay, okay, *one* of the reasons we are all able to to gathered here today. You see, it all started on Sev's sixteenth birthday...”

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THE END

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